

(Almost) Hot Chocolate

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(Almost) Hot Chocolate

by [ifisoundsordid](#)

Summary

This is a christmas fic I did for one of my mutuals on Twitter! The prompt was 'snuggling by the fireplace with hot cocoa and cozy blankets and fuzzy socks' so that's pretty much all that is!

I've written it as a continuation of my other fic Don't Sing For Me (part 1 of this series), but it can be read as a one-shot. But reading it as part of the series makes the story better I think :)

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Mafuyu gets woken up by a knock on his door. He'd already been half-awake but had made no attempt to properly get up, content to stay lying in his bed all day feeling sorry for himself. He doesn't know who it is, his mum is out at work and he isn't expecting anyone, so he ignores it. But the knock comes again, this time louder and Kedama barks, essentially forcing Mafuyu to get up and deal with it. He shivers as he plods down the hallway, annoyed at having to leave the warm safety of his blankets. He picks up Tama as he gets to the door and looks through the peephole, only to feel his annoyance melt away at seeing a blurry mass of black hair.

He opens the door to his boyfriend, looking like a winter postcard. Long black coat, knitted scarf, red wind-bitten cheeks and snowflakes dusting his hair. The sight of it should make Mafuyu's insides burn, but the sudden draft of bitterly cold air coming through the door makes Mafuyu violently shiver instead. Ritsuka notices and quickly steps inside, taking Tama from Mafuyu's arms and placing him on the floor.

"You *are* ill then, I was right."

"Is that why you're here?"

"Yeah..." he brings his hand up to scratch the back of his neck, dislodging a few snowflakes in the process, "You weren't at school, and I hadn't heard from you, so I assumed..."

Mafuyu suddenly feels guilty, remembering the unsent text he had started typing on his phone that morning. "Ah sorry, I meant to text you."

"No, no, it's fine." Ritsuka moves to give Mafuyu a hug and Mafuyu is fully prepared to let himself melt into his chest, but instead he involuntary yelps and jumps away from the icy cold of Ritsuka's skin. Ritsuka looks hurt, and Mafuyu scrambles to excuse himself.

"I love you, but your hands are *freezing*."

"Fuck, sorry! You're shivering too...you should sit..."

Ritsuka fumbles at his shoes and nearly trips following Mafuyu into the apartment. When they get into the kitchen and living room area Ritsuka starts fumbling again, this time at his bag. Mafuyu waits.

"Go sit down, I brought you some stuff."

Mafuyu arches an eyebrow at him, but happily sits down on the nearest couch and watches as his boyfriend removes his outer layers and shake the snow from his hair. Mafuyu likes the way he moves. He begins pulling stuff out of his bag, "I told Yayoi I thought you might be ill so she gave me a bunch of stuff and told me to get you warm things so I have....some blankets, some medicine, some hot chocolate powder and some ramen from the place down the street you like. Chicken's your favourite right?"

Mafuyu can only stare at him at disbelief as Ritsuka finishes unpacking all the things he's brought for him, until he looks up.

"What?"

"You didn't have to do that."

Ritsuka just looks at him uncomprehendingly, like what Mafuyu has just said doesn't make any sense. "But you're ill? So yes I did? Yayoi says hi by the way, and that she hopes you get better soon."

Ritsuka walks up to Mafuyu and wraps the blanket around his shoulders like a cape. It smells like him. Ritsuka is careful not to touch him with his cold hands but bends down to place a quick kiss on Mafuyu's forehead. He then passes him the takeaway box of ramen.

"Eat your food. I'm gonna try to work out how to make hot chocolate."

With that, he walks back to the kitchen. As if it's not a big deal. As if all this isn't enough to make Mafuyu want to cry. He's so *good*. How is he so *good*? Mafuyu loves him so much it feels like too much, and it all collects into a ball in his throat keeping him from talking. So all he does is slurp down the ramen Ritsuka has brought him. He's right, it is his favourite. It also magically appears to be the only food Mafuyu would be willing to eat right now. Ritsuka spends entirely too long messing around in the kitchen, considering the hot chocolate making process just involves adding hot water to powder. By the time he comes back, Mafuyu has already wolfed down the ramen.

"That was quick." He chuckles, taking the seat next to Mafuyu but leaving too much distance between them for Mafuyu's liking.

"I was hungry. And it was good."

Ritsuka hands him a mug of (almost) hot chocolate and a pill of what he assumes is medicine. "Take this when your drink cools down a bit.

Or should I get you water...”

He moves to stand up again, but Mafuyu places a hand on his shoulder to stop him. He wishes Ritsuka was closer, but he doesn't want to infect him. “I'm fine. Thank you.” He says, popping the pill in his mouth and swallowing it dry.

“Are you still cold?”

“I'm not too bad.” Mafuyu takes a sip of his hot chocolate. It's really not too bad, considering how bad Ritsuka is at anything to do with food. He suddenly feels very sleepy again, so he starts talking without really thinking about what he's saying, “In my old house we used to have a fireplace. I'd get ill all the time and mum would set me up in front of it whenever I did. It's probably the only thing I miss about that house...”

Mafuyu remembers the very limited number of happy memories he has from the house where he lived with his father. It would be when his father was working, before his mum had to work such long hours to get by, and they'd spend time together just the two of them like that.

“Do you have a laptop?” Ritsuka asks, interrupting Mafuyu's chain of thought.

“Yeah, it's in my room—”

Before Mafuyu can ask why, Ritsuka gets up and walks to Mafuyu's room to retrieve it. Mafuyu feels the lack of his presence next to him, but he comes back quickly and sets the laptop on the coffee table in front of them. He opens up YouTube and ends up putting on a video of a 10-hour loop of a crackling fireplace. Mafuyu blinks at him, and Ritsuka stares back sheepishly.

“Um...I know I'm not as warm as a fire, but...” he tentatively lifts one arm, inviting Mafuyu to burrow into his side, “...I've warmed up a bit now, at least.”

Mafuyu sinks into him without hesitation, breathes him in, and feels the comforting weight of his arm around his shoulders.

Ritsuka chuckles a bit, embarrassed, “I know it's not the same thing, but I hope—”

“It's perfect.” Mafuyu interrupts him, “Thank you.”

It's not the same, but he feels touched by the gesture and the effort that Ritsuka is making for him. Ritsuka's hand comes up and starts playing with Mafuyu's hair, and Mafuyu slowly finishes his hot chocolate as he stares into the fire. As he gets sleepier, the safety of the warmth of Ritsuka surrounding him and the sound of the fire on the laptop could almost trick Mafuyu into thinking he's back in his old home. But this time, with no-one there to hurt him. A new home, perhaps. He remembers the first time Ritsuka visited when he was ill. He was so flustered, in and out in five minutes and barely able to bring himself to place his hand against Mafuyu's cheek. Mafuyu remembers wondering even through his feverish state if this was really the same boy who had pulled him so effortlessly into a scorching kiss only the night before. Now Ritsuka was here again, and he was staying, comfortably settled into his sofa with Mafuyu nestled into his side and Tama curled up in his lap. His gestures, though still clumsy, are so much more confident now. He's settling into this space they have between them. Mafuyu falls asleep like that, thinking of Ritsuka from the past, Ritsuka now, and the Ritsuka he'll get to see in the future.

Mafuyu dreams of an undefined space. It's dark but not empty, a blackness that feels full. It feels comforting as it engulfs Mafuyu in something like an embrace. It smells like summer, like clean air and girly shampoo. The pressure on his body from the blackness feels warm, though his body itself feels light and he can breathe easier than he has in days. He hears music, melodies that keep changing, evolving around him but never seeming finished. The music is nice though. It sounds like Ritsuka in the way the notes dance around his ears, sending pleasant tingles down his neck the same way Ritsuka's voice does when it's thick with sleep.

The darkness and the music recede, but the warmth and pressure and scent remain. Mafuyu wakes up slowly, finding himself in the exact same position he remembers drifting off from. He blinks up at Ritsuka, who hasn't moved an inch. "Oh, you're awake." Ritsuka smiles down at him when he notices Mafuyu's stare.

Mafuyu yawns, "How long was I out?"

"Mmm, like an hour or so?"

The laptop is still showing the loop of the fireplace, so Mafuyu asks, "What were you doing?"

"Not much? Thinking through some ideas for songs and stuff. Giving

Tama attention.”

“Were you humming?”

“Uhh maybe a little? Did I wake you?”

“No...I think I heard you in my dream though. It sounds good, you should show me.”

“Mmm I will, I could use your help. I’ve got the first part of a melody but I can’t figure out how to finish it.”

“When I’m better then.” Mafuyu rubs his eyes, “Tell me about the song?”

He does. Ritsuka starts talking about chord progressions and melodies and lyrics, and Mafuyu is so happy he gets to be a part of it. He gets to create something *together* with the person he loves. He gets to be a part of something bigger than himself and gets to watch Ritsuka’s genius up close and personal. His voice and eyes get all excited and animated, and Mafuyu loves him. He’s still talking when he catches Mafuyu’s eyes staring up at him, and he grinds to a halt. Ritsuka looks at him, all big eyed and rosy cheeked, like Mafuyu is something precious. It always makes Mafuyu go weak inside, but right now he doesn’t understand why Ritsuka is looking at him like that. Doesn’t understand why he’s stopped talking. His hair is probably stuck up on one side from sleep, his nose is red and sore, and his skin is pale and grey. He probably looks about half dead.

“Why are you looking at me like that?” Mafuyu asks, unable to help himself.

It’s only when Ritsuka blushes harder and turns his gaze away, eyebrows furrowing, that Mafuyu realises why.

“You can’t kiss me, you’ll get ill.” He says, reasonably. It’s a shame, because something about Ritsuka’s jawline from this angle has been doing things to Mafuyu’s mind since they settled into this position. Things that he can’t entirely blame on his cold.

Ritsuka stays silent for a while, trying to be stubborn. Mafuyu just waits until he reluctantly brings his gaze back, seemingly unable to help himself. “I never get ill.” Ritsuka says sullenly. He’s *pouting*. It’s *adorable*.

“Is that so?”

“Uh-huh.”

“Do you want to kiss me?”

“Well...”

Mafuyu can’t help but tease, “Do you?”

“I mean—”

“If you want to kiss me, you can just ask you know?”

“I *know*—”

“So ask.”

“Well maybe I don’t want to now!” Ritsuka exclaims.

Mafuyu doesn’t believe him, but he’s happy to prolong the wait just to watch Ritsuka pout. It softens his otherwise somewhat intimidating features. There are other times Ritsuka’s face softens like this. Like when he looks up at Mafuyu from under his eyelashes, or when Mafuyu gets a guitar riff right for the first time, or when Mafuyu....actually, now that he thinks about it, it’s always for Mafuyu. Only he gets to witness Ritsuka be soft like this. He feels blessed. Privileged to witness it. Mafuyu wants to collect all the soft expressions Ritsuka’s face can make and store them in his heart for safekeeping. This *pouting* is a new one and Mafuyu stares, wanting to imprint the memory of it in his mind forever. It also makes his bottom lip stick out in a way that’s very inviting. Mafuyu can’t resist bringing his hand up to Ritsuka’s cheek to coax him back to looking at him. It’s very smooth. He must have shaved recently. He looks into the cool blue eyes and holds his stare, watching as Ritsuka’s pupils dilate. Mafuyu can only assume his are doing the same. The eyes flicker down to his lips, then back up, then back down a few times before Ritsuka smiles. Finally giving in.

“Fine...you win.” He sighs and rolls his eyes, but in a way that’s so obviously fond it doesn’t really count. “Can I kiss you then?”

Mafuyu nods. He always wins.

They kiss the same as always, but a little different. Somewhere in the back of his mind, Mafuyu is aware Ritsuka is holding back. He knows he’s scared of pushing too hard, in case Mafuyu breaks. He’s still scared of doing something wrong. Still not sure if he’s allowed.

Mafuyu wants to shake him, to tell him that he can push as hard as he wants because Mafuyu can take it because Mafuyu *chose* to love him and wants everything he can possibly give. Always. But even if he told him, Mafuyu doesn't think Ritsuka would believe him. But each time they kiss Mafuyu can feel the restraint give a little. The boundaries pushed a little further. So he's content to wait, until Ritsuka feels comfortable to give all of himself. It also doesn't mean that the kisses right now aren't good. They're *so* good. They fill Mafuyu's insides with the balmy heat and gentle breeze of a summer evening. They make his back muscles relax and his toes curl up in his socks. If this is his reaction to just a fraction of what Ritsuka has to give, then what's going to happen when Mafuyu gets all of him? The thought of it makes him giddy.

They kiss for a very long while, well past the point that Ritsuka normally stops them. The sensations become new, *different*, and Mafuyu's heart rate picks up in a way that suggests that what they're doing isn't sensible considering Mafuyu's physical state. But Mafuyu doesn't want to stop. He could lose himself in this and he'd be happy for the rest of his life. But eventually, *eventually* they pull away from each other, but only because Mafuyu has to sneeze. It makes Ritsuka erupt in a fit of giggles that's so rare for him, Mafuyu can't even be annoyed that the kiss got cut off. He's beautiful like this. It's a loss to the world that everyone can't see Ritsuka when he's like this, but it's all Mafuyu's. Or it will be, eventually. His lips still tingle like a light sunburn as he waits for Ritsuka's laughs to die down.

"You know it's not my fault if you get ill now."

Which of course he does, 2 days later.

End Notes

Hope you all enjoyed this, I really really enjoyed writing it. I love the soft boys so much <3

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